

The Tragedie of Hamlet

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnualewed persons doe,
Carue for himfelfe, for on his choise depends
The fafty and health of this whole state,
And therefore muſt his choiſe be circumscribd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he ſaies he loues you,
It fits your wiſdome ſo farre to belieue it
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his ſaying deede, which is no further
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what loſſe your honor may ſuſtaine
If with too credent eare you liſt his ſongs
Or looſe your hart, or your chaſt treasure open
To his vnmastred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare ſiſter,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire,
“The charieſt maide is prodigall inough
If ſhe vnmaſke her butie to the Moone
“Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes
“The canker gaules the infants of the ſpring
Too oft before their buttons be diſcloſd,
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent,
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in feare,
Youth to it ſelfe rebels, though non els neare.
Ophe. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as ſome vngracious paſtors doe,
Showe me the ſtep and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puſt, and reckles libertine
Himſelfe the primroſe path of dalience treads.
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*
Laer. O feare me not,
I ſtay too long, but heere my father comes
A double bleſſing, is a double grace,
Occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.
Pol. Yet heere *Laertes*: a bord, a bord for ſhame,

The

Prince of Denmarke.

The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtayed for, there my bleſſing with thee.
And theſe ſewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thoſe friends thou haſt, and their a doption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy ſoule with hoopes of ſteele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnſledgd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee,
Giue euery man thy eare, but ſewe thy voyce,
Take each mans cenſure, but reſerue thy iudgement,
Coſtly thy habite as thy purſe can by,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
And they in Fraunce of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Or of a moſt ſelect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looſes both it ſelfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth edge of huſbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne ſelfe be true
And it muſt followe as the night the day
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man:
Farwell, my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.
Pol. The time inueſts you goe, your ſeruants tend.
Laer. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſayd to you.
Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farwell. *Exit Laertes.*
Pol. What iſt *Ophelia* he hath ſayd to you?
Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet*.
Pol. Marry well bethought
Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bountious,

If